



Rose and Carrot



- Narrator** Summer is ending. A gardener sits on her favourite bench to think over her plans for the garden in the coming year. As she listens, she overhears part of a conversation between two plants.
- Rose** ... and you are such a handsome fellow, my dear carrot, with your brilliant orange coat and your fine, feathery foliage. I just know that you will please the masters.
- Carrot** You're very kind Rose. But I'm only a little vegetable, where you are truly beautiful. I can only wonder at what it's like to be beautiful, to be the thing the masters' like the most.
- Rose** I have looks, I cannot deny, and fragrance sweet enough to charm the masters from their home, and the bees from their honey. But I am not loved like you are. You are useful. You satisfy the masters' real needs.
- Carrot** True, the masters need to eat. But why eat me? The market is full of food like me. I'm just a commoner and satisfy just one, where you are rare, and you bring delight to so many.
- Rose** Delight and pain! I am untouchable, and those that come too close gain scars for their troubles. To hold a carrot is to hold a promise of good taste.
- Carrot** Good taste? Who says so?. When did you hear anyone hoping to get carrots for tea? I'm not unhappy, but lets face facts. I am ordinary.
- Rose** My darling, believe me, the masters will be fighting over you. You are theirs. They nurtured you like parents, watered you when you were dry, chased away your foes. They love you.
- Carrot** I've made them work alright, if you call it work. But they've looked after you too, and for years, not months. That's a sign of real care.
- Rose** Carrot, dear carrot, don't you see? Your short life makes you all the more precious, like a butterfly. Think how the masters have marvelled at your entire magical journey from tiny seed to now.
- Carrot** Me, like a butterfly? Am I in the same camp as the enemy?
- Rose** Butterflies are not the enemy. The masters adore butterflies. Its caterpillars they think they need to fight.
- Carrot** I don't understand. Aren't butterflies and caterpillars the same thing, like seed and Carrot?
- Rose** Ah, young Carrot, you have so much you need to learn and so little time. How can we start?
- Carrot** Well here's a butterfly now. Why don't we ask it?
- Narrator** The gardener turns to see a Red Admiral glide down and land silently on the arm of her favourite bench.